

# Zion's Herald.

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## Zion's Herald.

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In a clear and cogent paper, this week, Rev. John Alfred Faulkner answers the pregnant question, "What are the results?" of the stirring controversies over the future life, which have been pressed so vigorously of late years.

Dr. Trautman speaks wisely and wittily from the vantage ground of long experience to young ministers about financial matters, advising them to lay aside something regularly from their salaries, so that old age or sickness will find them independent and comfortable.

Tender and comforting are the thoughts unfolded by Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer in his article on "God's Children"—such an article as only Dr. Sawyer can write.

The essay of Mr. Charles R. Brown, who graduated this year from the Theological School of Boston University, which appears on page 2, contains strong and hopeful words about "The Preaching of To-day," and Bishop Mallalieu, on the same page, gives us a "Motto for the Year."—Zion's Herald in every New England Methodist family.

No one will pass by Chapman Beaudry's very entertaining account of "How I was Captured and Taken to Libby Prison."

The "Exaggerated and Illustrative" column will be found especially useful to the younger preachers.

Dr. E. W. Parker sets forth in plain facts and figures the "Growth in North India Conference."

On the family page is a pathetic story by James Buckham—"How the Little Light Went Out." Mrs. Obed Nickerson gives an encouraging glimpse of "Woman Suffrage in Kansas," and Rev. Stephen Cushing provides a helpful Bible reading on "Prayer." Old friends of Rev. Caleb Fuller will read with interest the poem written on the occasion of his 83d birthday.

The Editor in his Note Book paints a vivid picture of Southern California—a veritable Paradise; and "Manhattan," in its usual racy style, gossip about New York Methodism.

### THE OUTLOOK.

In no one of our States is an anti-trust law more imperatively needed than in Missouri; for its catalogue of "combinations" takes in nearly the entire list of mercantile interests, so that there is scarcely any form of wholesale business or industry which is not either carried on or affected by the new method. But although the needed legislation has been enacted, it will have to encounter such universal and evasive opposition—for example, the "trusts" forming themselves into single corporations—that it bids fair to be a dead letter. The law has come too late to effectively remedy the evil.

Advises from Hayti, as we go to press, indicate the complete success of Gen. Hippolyte, who has captured Port-au-Prince, and proclaimed himself provisional president. The North has won. The civil struggle is apparently over—none too soon, perhaps, to thwart what is believed to have been a concealed design on the part of France to aid Legitimé, and secure for herself thereby a substantial interest in the Black Republic. A task devolves upon the new ruler more serious than that of arms—to restore order, promote industry, and build up a stable government.

Capt. Wissman has followed up his successful encounter with Bushiri, with a threat of war against the coast Arabs unless they immediately submit. His line of operations extends about 270 miles—from Tanga to Lindi—and as his force is competent and well-equipped, he will probably succeed ere long in re-establishing German authority within the limits of the concession. The Arabs have shown no sign of reorganization since their defeat. Meantime Dr. Peters, who is also on the East Coast, has succeeded in overcoming the opposition of the German government to his expedition for the relief of Emin, and will march inland, probably from Mombassa, with a large quantity of stores. He may meet Stanley, and possibly Emin himself, on the way.

Ten products are now on exhibition. The "Spring Palace" was opened at Fort Worth last week, and illustrations of the natural wealth and industries of the State may now be viewed by all. The structure is a three-story and imposing one, "a huge and picturesque," says the New York Sun, reared at a cost of half a million dollars, covering 60,000 square feet of ground, and adorned with a grand central dome and fourteen towers. The departments embrace agriculture, fish culture, live-stock, natural history, building materials, minerals, the mechanical arts, and many others. The opening attracted spectators from all parts of the State, and also from across the Rio Grande. President Diaz has promised to visit it, and the management hope to induce President Harrison to accept their invitation.

We are to have an ocean steamship company at last, owned and operated by American capitalists—an enterprise which has long been regarded as hopeless. Assurance is given that the company will represent a capital of \$10,000,000; and that they will build six steamers, to run between New York and Liverpool, and to cost a million and a quarter each. The venture will be experimental—to be greatly enlarged if successful, and to inaugurate a revival of our shipping interests, if such revival is possible. Much depends upon the action of Congress, which, after long delay, is re-creating our navy, and has the power also to restore to the country its commercial prestige.

Several serious questions are being considered by the State Department just now, one of them that of the Alaska boundary. This question has become an urgent one because of the rush of gold miners into the disputed territory along the Yukon River. The Canadian authorities are anxious to have the line estab-

lished for at least a quarter of the distance, and have asked the United States government to send a corps of surveyors to co-operate with their staff of officials for the purpose. It will require eight or nine years, it is thought, to locate the whole boundary up to the Arctic Ocean, and the estimated expense per year is \$1,500,000. Thus far Congress has given but little attention to the matter, but the recent rapid emigration to the border lines of the new territory will probably lead to some action.

The serious rioting in Belgrade last week was merely local disturbance. The storm centre in the Balkans just now is this little kingdom of Servia—especially since the abdication of King Milan; and every outbreak is a symptom of the strife which is perpetually waged between Russian and Austrian sympathizers for the control of State policy. It was against the Progressists, and especially against M. Gavashiline, their leader (late the prime minister), that the violence of the mob was directed. This political party, while working first of all for the independence of the country, is more favorable to Austrian than to Russian friendship. The rabble, however, are intensely pro-Russian. The Board of Regents, who govern the country, are also Slavophiles. The recent disturbance, therefore, is indicative either of Russian intrigue, or else of exasperation on the part of the people because of some act of the Progressists which betrayed sympathy with Austrian ascendancy. Disorder in Servia may at any moment precipitate an Austro-Russian conflict.

The full magnitude of the Conemaugh calamity, in which from six to eight thousand people met death in one of its most frightful forms, and the homes and workshops of a half-dozen populous towns and villages were suddenly obliterated, it is difficult for any mind to adequately conceive. Few of our readers have forgotten the desolation wrought by the Mill River flood fifteen years ago, in which two hundred lives were lost; but that and every similar catastrophe are dwarfed by this latest disaster, which will be regarded as one of the most appalling events in modern history. There were so many concomitant horrors that one's mind wearies and revolts at length, and cannot grasp them all. The thunderous rush of the swollen waters from the yielding dam four or five hundred feet above the level of the ill-fated villages; the alarm and wild scramble for life; the swiftly-advancing flood, sweeping houses, churches, mills, everything before it; the wreckage borne onward by the swirling torrent, with hapless, terrified wretches clinging to it, and the corpses of tender women and little children mingled with the debris; the awful fate of those whose frail support carried them to a vast funeral pyre at the railroad bridge; the unwritten tragedies, and individual experiences of suffering; the anguish of bereaved survivors trying to find and extricate the forms of their loved ones from the mud after the subsidence of the waters; the inhuman treatment of the dead by human vultures, some of whom met with swift and merited retribution; the hunger and exposure and destitution of thousands, who survived their homes, but lost their all—what imagination can depict a catastrophe like this!

And yet there was no lack of warning. The residents of Johnstown and the neighboring villages knew perfectly well that that immense reservoir which the South Fork Club maintained for fishing and other purposes was a source of danger to them in the valley. The dam doubtless was well constructed, and frequently inspected; it was equal to ordinary strain; but they ought to have reflected, as doubtless many did, that the lake would not stand such a tremendous deluge of rain as that which visited the country east of the Mississippi on Friday and Saturday without overflowing. Only two and a half inches of rainfall per month is credited to this region, but it is estimated that five inches fell on these two fatal days alone. The reservoir had, however, weathered many a storm, and it had become the habit to ridicule those who prophesied danger. "If this be true," says the Boston Post, "it is only another melancholy instance of the facility with which humanity comes to disregard a constant peril."

As we go to press the number of dead, recognizable and unrecognizable, is put at 8,000. The work of collecting bodies and burying such as are decomposed, and of providing for the destitute, is proceeding with great diligence. No trustworthy estimate has yet been formed of the pecuniary loss—the event is too recent for that. All over the community sympathy for the stricken valley is manifesting itself in generous contributions for relief. So far as money can repair the awful ravages of this calamity, there will apparently be no lack.

### WHAT ARE THE RESULTS?

BY REV. JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

CONTROVERSIES over the future life have been pressed with unusual vigor during the last few years. Death, the intermediate state, the resurrection, heaven and hell, have been before the minds of men to a greater degree perhaps within the last twenty-five years than ever before in the history of thought. These subjects have even invaded the secular journals. Newspaper editorials and reviews discuss every phase of these subjects with earnestness and thoroughness. The whole popular interest in a phase of New England theology centres wholly—not in its great principles concerning God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, salvation, and religion—in a secondary inference concerning the intermediate state. What in past ages the controversies over the person of Christ, the church, justification by faith, the decrees, and the sacraments have been, so to our own life is the dis-

cussion over the life to come. When Richard Watson wrote his "Theology," he drew out to an interminable length his views on the Trinity, and with infinite tediousness quoted from almost every English writer on the subject, but he said not a word on the last things. When Wm. B. Pope, on the other hand, gave to the Methodist world that magnificent theological treatise, so strong in its scholarship, intuitional insight, analytical grasp, and spiritual power, he devoted a large part of the work to themes in eschatology, which he treats with a singular freshness, interest and ability. Neither has it been those outside who have forced the discussions upon an unwilling church. The masters in these controversies have been raised up in the church itself, and have been all in hearty sympathy with the evangelical faith. They have taken the initiative, and by a series of works of the largest scholarship and candor, have cleared the subject of many of its difficulties, and have prepared the way for the decisions of some future Nicæa upon it.

If such an ecumenical statement should ever be made, what form will it take? Or, rather, what have been the results of the stirring controversies on the last things as thus far reached? Can we sift out from all this voluminous literature a few points, covering the main lines of thought? on the future life, in which nearly all evangelical thinkers are agreed, or in which there is a tendency toward an agreement?

First: The fact of a

#### Future Life

Itself is more prominent in the thoughts of men, and is taken hold of with greater intensity, than ever before. This is shown even by the remarkable spread of that strange delusion, Spiritualism. The reality of the other world is felt with a personal interest never before experienced. It is no longer a dreamy existence, or a mystical and elevated consciousness, of which in this life we can have no idea and no concern. Although the cant and the thoughtless religiosity which sings of nothing but heaven, and affects to wish for nothing but to be borne away to its fair scenes, and which has been one of the main reasons for the alienation of cultured and serious men from the popular religion, has largely disappeared, a solid belief in the reality of the life beyond was never so widely entertained as now. Except in rare cases, of which, perhaps, the brilliant Professor Clifford, of London, whose light was quenched so soon, was one, the boldest infidelity has not dared to deny the coming on of another life after this. Infidelity has tried to change the terms in which life has been understood, but it has not striven to blot out the deathless hope of immortality from the human race. All the recent works on eschatology have only made the life after death more real and intelligible.

Second: These late discussions have heightened and strengthened the beliefs in the

#### Future Retribution of Sin.

Never before has the awful fact of sin impressed itself so deeply on the minds of Christian writers; and the awful punishment that must follow it has never, perhaps, been so solemnly realized. In former years, when men were more under the power of a cold dogma, and when a rougher civilization caused them to express the thoughts of punishment in a coarser form, it was doubtless true that the preaching and literature concerning the future were more lurid and extravagant; but not more intensely did the dark fact of retribution take possession of their minds. Not only the deeper study of the Scriptures, but the progress in natural science, and a better knowledge of psychology, have all conspired to bring home to the present-day believer the truth of this. St. Paul speaks: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This modern consciousness of retribution voices itself in the current literature as well as in the current theology. The greater culture of this age, and its deeper realization of the Christian ideas of sympathy and succor, have only served to render more keen the pain of those who see too well the relentless laws of life. The preachers of the olden time seemed to take a morbid satisfaction in picturing the sufferings of the lost; the Christian scholars of to-day speak in an undertone of sadness of the inevitable retributions of sin. Even those men who have tried to relieve the doctrine of future punishment of the accretions of medievalism and Calvinism have been troubled in soul over what must come to pass in the experience of him who rejects God, and their books on the subject are written with a solemn earnestness and pathetic gravity. So all-pervading has been this better knowledge of the end of sin, that certain theories which have been broached, but which have not as yet received the sanction of the church catholic, have been conceived in this deeper consciousness. One is the theory of a Christian probation for all men. The consequences of sin are so terrible, and men are so impotent to save themselves from the avenging furies of a bad life, that in Christ alone is salvation. And He who has provided a salvation for all, must be offered to all. Another is the theory of conditional immortality. Sin is self-destructive. Persisted in, it atrophies the soul, and eventually dissipates all the springs of existence. Both of these theories have had a large following among evangelical thinkers of all lands; neither has won its way to universal acceptance; neither is satisfactory to the writer, but both have been the outgrowth of the deeper modern conception of the helplessness of man when in the sweep of the eternal laws of being. The controversies over the last things have all tended to increase the certainty of future retribution.

Third: These discussions have sent to the Limbo of Explored Theories the old crass Universalism of immediate happiness of all men after death. Soon this belief will be entirely forgotten. And although it cannot be said that all forms of Universalism

have been abandoned, it is yet true that the trend of modern thought on these subjects is away from Universalism. Rev. Dr. Henson, of Chicago, has recently published a volume of supposed concessions to Universalism, and whatever may be made out of gathering together extracts taken hap-hazard, and without reference to the context or drift of the writer's thought, it is still true that Universalism is a waning faith, and that the great writers on eschatology within the last few years—Dorner, Pope, Martensen, Farrar, Pusey, Plumptre, Randles, Row, Townsend, Shedd and Oxenham—though differing among themselves on minor points, are all agreed that neither Scripture nor the facts of life point to a universal restoration as the goal of humanity. There is something pathetic in the unanimity to which a sad and candid drives these and other eminent writers. It is true indeed that some German theologians, notably Martensen, teach that the Scriptures are involved in a hopeless contradiction in regard to their statements concerning the future of humanity, at one time plainly denouncing eternal damnation, at another as plainly asserting universal restoration. But this view has not obtained a firm footing in modern Pauline exegesis, and Professor William Arnold Stevens, of Rochester, who has some excellent remarks on this point in a recent number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, is authority for the statement that the "ablest exegesis of recent years is disinclined to admit the existence of such contradictions." My reading of modern theology, however, will not allow me to agree with Professor Stevens when he says that, "Restorationism is the undercurrent of eschatological thought that is profoundly influencing our evangelical theology and evangelical pulpit." Restorationism is a vanishing dogma in the church, affirmed by not one of the more important recent writers on these things, and no combatants have done more to drive it from the field than have those eminent men who have rescued the Biblical doctrine of the future life from the traditions of the Middle Ages and from the interpretations of theologians born out of a dark and cruel civilization.

Fourth: I have only space to add what has been already involved in what I have said above, that the recent attention which has been given to these pressing questions has not invalidated the belief of the church catholic in the

#### Endlessness of Future Punishment.

Although there are differences of opinion as to the meaning of the Greek word *aitia*, the most accomplished Greek scholar of all the tribe, Dean Plumptre, distinctly admits that it denotes in some cases infinite duration. And the fact that the majority of those who disagree with that opinion do not rest the case of future retribution on the word *aitia* and its cognates, but stand together in denying the validity of Universalism, shows that the consensus of opinion in the Evangelical Church affirms the endlessness of future punishment.

On the whole, we may say: Although the many recent publications on the last things have served to modify opinions on subsidiary questions, like the number of the lost, the nature of eternal punishment, the activities of the intermediate state, the processes by which the saved will be introduced to the vision of God, the fate of infants and heathen, and other minor matters, they have but served to strengthen the historic faith of Christendom, never better expressed than in the creed of St. Paul: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Christ Jesus, our Lord."

### TO THE YOUNG PREACHERS.

BY REV. MARK TRAUTMAN, D. D.

I HAVE a desire to say, through the HERALD, a word to my younger brethren in the traveling connection, on financial matters. The wise old man says in his suggestive cogitations, "Age should speak," and he might have added, "And garrulous old men will speak." Be that as it may, old age and long, varied experience would seem to give to such favored characters the right to speak to those who as yet have but an imperfect knowledge of the way they are yet to travel. To one who has been long on the road and is consciously nearing the termination, the knowledge gained and the experience acquired are of immense value. Could the generation just now coming into the activities of life, avail themselves of the ripe experience of the generation immediately preceding it, the world would soon reach millennial perfection. But, alas! for our stupidity, and a pride that closes our ears to counsel and warning, we want to try the experiment each for one's self. And so we stumble on, and mourn at last, saying, "How have I hated instruction!"

Four young men called on me some time since—not for religious instruction as I at first supposed, but for some of my experience in another direction. "We are intending," they said, "to visit the Maine woods for a few weeks this summer, and as you have been often there, we want to learn from your experience how to make the most of our time, and what to provide for and against." Wise young men! "Yes," said I, "I have been over the route you propose, having run the Penobscot River in a birch canoe from Moosehead Lake to the tide-waters." That was what they proposed to themselves. It was wise in them to inquire, and a pleasure to me to instruct them.

In the fifty-eight years of one's itinerant life one must learn, even if a dillard, much from personal experience and observation. One comes to know much of the hardships as well as the pleasures of such a varied and eventful life. One sees when and why a failure was suffered; where the mistake was made and its effects, and also, alas! too late, how it might have been avoided. I have seen a generation of my compeers grow old and pass away. I have seen poverty

and want in age and premature failure from physical disabilities. And the saddest sight of all is that of age, infirmity and destitution. Among the first Methodist preachers of my acquaintance was an old man who had been, in his prime of manhood, stationed in Boston, then cobbling shoes to bring a bare living for himself and wife. From the church or aid societies he received nothing. I have since come to witness many cases among our superannuated men of equal hardship. But we need not dwell upon these facts so patent to us all.

But is this destitution an unavoidable necessity aside from what the church might and ought to provide? I think not. May not one by forecast and wise effort avoid, or at least mitigate, a contingent evil? "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." Now we may not all live to reach that delectable mount of superannuation, which I remember to have heard extolled by a presiding elder as "most desirable, and a position of honor;" yet I lived to hear that same sapient judge, when going up in the ecclesiastical elevator to that desirable appointment in the attic, groan as if put into the old iron boot of torture. But some of you, my young brethren, will live to be old and drop out of the marching column.

I know not what provision may be made by the church in the near future for the comfortable maintenance of the worn-out preachers, but no such provision exists at present, nor is the prospect very cheering. When in 1836 the writer hereof was initiated into the mysteries of a traveling preacher's life, he was informed that "it pertained to the office of a minister to sell Methodist books, for by so doing he will lay up a treasure in the time to come upon which he may draw when disabled or old." But the "drawing" is like lotteries, mostly blanks. This writer, at the close of his first year, when his reported receipts were ten hundred and ninety-five meals of food, and forty dollars salary, drew three dollars from the great fund!

Life insurance is a commendable institution, but the benefit is a post-mortem affair. Now what I wish to recommend to the young preachers most earnestly is a system of self-insurance. Many large business concerns insure their own property and make it profitable. I had presented to me by friends in one of my charges a life-policy of one thousand dollars, the premium on which was \$28.40, which I paid for some thirty years, until the payments amounted to nearly seven hundred dollars, and then sold it to the company. Now it would have been, I think, better to have put that premium into a good savings-bank. There are very few preachers, in these times, who cannot save from their salaries something to lay away in a bank, where it will be gaining when they are asleep, and be safe. Let us remember that it is what one saves that enriches, not alone what one earns. Economy in living is a religious duty, and it should be just as carefully studied as any other duty. One can have no right to plead for one in age and want, who lived recklessly, gratifying every whim, and whatever his means, spending all as he went along.

But my disquisition must not be further prolonged. Let me, then, in conclusion, earnestly exhort my young brethren to lay this to heart, and remember that the time is short for this saving process. Begin now, if not already begun, to "lay by you in store," that there be no regrets nor want when age comes knocking at the door; remembering that future hours of independence will be secured by the self-denial of a moment of present gratification and indulgence, and so you will "redeem the time" and lay up for yourselves an ample store for infirmity and age. Now, beloved, do not merely say, "That is a good suggestion," but put it into practice at once!

### GOD'S CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER, D. D.

WE are either slaves of sin or sons of God. "He that committeth sin is the slave of sin." The yoke of sin is heavy, hard and galling, because it is unnatural. Sin is a usurper and a tyrant. We were not created for bondage, but for freedom; we were not intended for slaves of sin, but for sons of God. In all of its forms sin is a hard master; as unbefitting, it paralyzes its subjects with weakness and then whips them with fears; as appetite, it binds them in fetters which at first seem alken, but prove in the end to be stronger than steel, and it shuts them into rayless dungeons and plunges them into bottomless mire; as falsehood, it tangles them in labyrinthine lies, each sinuous path of error leading to multitudinous mazes, where the soul wanders till it forgets that it ever knew the difference between light and darkness; as covetousness, it shrinks and dries the heart till every sublime faculty is destroyed and the soul is dead to spiritual emotions and affections. Sin puts out the eyes of its captives, makes them grind in mills which manufacture misery for others, provides them with associates which have only derision for their misfortunes. Having been enthralled, we cannot unaided deliver ourselves. The fetters we have allowed to be forged upon us are too strong for us to break. Christ alone can free us. It is the most glorious of truths that He brings complete emancipation and full restoration to the lofty destiny for which we were designed. The Son of God became man, that humanity might learn the love of the Father's heart and find its way back to the Father's arms. The revelation of the filial glory was that we might receive the filial spirit. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

Children of God! Then we are no longer

slaves, nor are we mercenary servants, with no thought about our wages. When we receive the filial spirit, filial freedom is ours. "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." God's law is love, and is, therefore, perfect liberty. Spiritual freedom is emancipation not only from the tyranny of sin, but also from bondage to men. The intellect of the child of God is unfettered by the authority of merely human opinions, for he knows that all truth comes from the Light of the world; no earthly powers can bind his conscience in chains, for one is his Master, even the Christ; worldly fashions do not control him, for he stands in his Father's presence and is guided by the Father's eye; he knows that the fashion of this world passeth away, but that he that doeth the will of God abideth forever; his character and conduct are determined by ideals that are not passing, but permanent.

Children of God! Then He will teach us His will. By His Word, by the order, beauty and sublimity of His works, by the example of His saints, by the experiences of joy and of sorrow, by the discipline of life's labor, by the starlit depths of the darkest nights of lonely agony, by the character of His Divine Son, and by the voice of His Spirit in our hearts, God is constantly teaching His will to His children. And the key-note of all prayer is, "Thy will be done" by me, with me, in me. Christian perfection is the oneness of our will with the will of our Heavenly Father. The controlling principle of Christ's life He himself set forth in these words: "I come not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." His sacrificial atonement was the offering of Himself through the Spirit to the Father. In Gethsemane he prayed: "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done!"

"Our Father's hand will never cease His child a needless tear."

"For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"

Children of God! Then we are safe. The divine fatherhood is the pledge of the security of the weakest child of God. No real harm can befall those who trust in Him. The answer to every doubt and fear is: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth." Little children trust sweetly and unreservedly in their parents, and yet, though the love of the father and mother fail not, they may through ignorance or lack of resources be unable to take proper care of their children; but God's wisdom and resources are infinite. He will not suffer a hair of our heads to be harmed. He will not allow us to be tempted or burdened above that we are able to bear. Trouble is the cloud which softly veils His glory, so that we can bear it and not be blinded. All fatherhood and motherhood are in the heart of God. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Though wretched, solitary, forsaken by false friends and bereft of those that were true, though troubled with anxieties that cannot be told to earthly ears, we can rest securely in the enfolding arm of our Father. The sympathy of His own Spirit inspires our prayers to Him for help. We may look to Him in every hour of need, and never vainly. In quietness and confidence is our strength. God never abandons His children. His presence will constantly go with us, and He will give us rest. Every cloud will have its rainbow, every rock shall yield sparkling fountains of refreshment. As the warm sun raises the vapors that make the clouds and breed the storms, so the tempests that beat upon us are themselves created by the heat of God's love, and the darkest clouds yield the brightest blessings.

"Well roars the storm to those that hear A deeper voice across the storm."

God's children! Then His house is our home, not for a few days, but forever. The visible and the invisible world are both within our Father's house; and He who leads forth the heavenly host by number and calls each star by its name, holds all the populations of all worlds in His heart. Amid all the fair mansions of the universe, visible or invisible, the fairest is that which Christ has prepared for those whose nature He made His own. In one of the gems of the inviolable belt of Orion, in the fairest of the Pleiades, on the fringe of the astronomical universe, or on its luminous pivot, wherever that may be, the child of God would find himself at home in his Father's presence; and in the invisible world, that world too glorious to be seen by mortal eyes, in which we every moment are, and whose splendor shall be unveiled by Him who liveth, and was dead, and is alive forevermore, whose hand holds the keys of that doorway which men call death—in the invisible, the real, the abiding world, the child of God shall not be a lonely, awe-struck wanderer, but shall find himself for the first time fully at home, all the sweet hints and prophecies of earthly home life coming to their ideal fulfillment.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."

### OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: There spread a cloud of dust along a plain; And underneath the cloud, or in its ragged A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner Waved, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes. A craven hung along the battle's edge, And lowering crept away, and left the field. And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel— That blue blade that the king's son bore—but this Blunt thing!"—He snatched and flung it from his hand, And lowering crept away, and left the field. Then came the King's son, wounded, sore bestod, And weaponless, and saw the broken sword, Hilt-barred in the dry and trodden sand, And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout Lifted arched he bowed his enemy down, And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—E. R. SHIL.











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ORIGINATOR. Advertisements.—THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. Reading Notices.—Advertisements.

## Review of the Week.

Report of Sunday-schools of Massachusetts. THE CONFERENCE. Reading Notices.—Advertisements.

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**Zion's Herald.**

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1889.

## PREJUDICE.

Human prejudice, whether against an institution, party, sect, or individual, is ineradicable and unreasonable. It often originates in the most insignificant incident and with the slightest cause, yet endures with the life itself. One does not like to be thought so poor or mean as to have no reason for his prejudice; but the reason rendered is often entirely inadequate. The removal of the reason has no tendency to dispose of the prejudice. Another, it may be, no better than the first, will be found; and what is not a little curious, the second may be entirely inconsistent with the first, and yet be maintained with confident dogmatism. The prejudice was not created by reason and cannot be removed by reason; the reason is simply a decent apology to the public for the prejudice, and as such is readjusted to each change of the situation. The early enemies of the American Union alleged as an excuse for opposition the inherent weakness of the government; men of the same class now set forth its strength and the dangers of centralization. The early critics of Methodism conceded the large ability of the founder, but insisted that the sect was too insignificant to ever amount to anything. The history of a century has disposed of that reason, but not of the prejudice. The critic with all his ancient prejudice now turns about, and, conceding the magnitude and value of the Methodist movement, charges with Matthew Arnold that the founder was a man of mediocre ability. The second reason is no better than the first, and as poorly disguises the animus of the parties concerned. The real ground in both instances is envy at the success of Methodism.

## "THE MANNER OF IT."

All persons who undertake to instruct mankind need to remember the first rule of discourse, which is, to conciliate the audience. This involves the modest and deferential and even grateful manner which must be in the speaker or writer, not merely on him. Every man who is a little wiser in some things than his fellows, is liable to make the mistake of ignoring this first rule. His consciousness of superior knowledge is very likely to exude from his manner and in many cases to defeat the end he seeks. It is to be attained, this conciliatory manner, by turning away from the attention of the instructor from this relative knowledge of his theme to matters which are far more important. And one of these more important matters is that his hearer or reader does him a favor by listening to him; another is that the audience has a right to decide upon what he offers—is, in fact, for the time being, a jury with full power to bring in a verdict.

It happens that some persons attempt to teach in an offensive manner. This is illustrated by several groups of persons who are alarmed over the ignorance of the American people, and begin their lectures with this statement. Some of them gravely discuss before the people the problem of enlightening the dark mind of the people. One set have schemes for alleviating the dense ignorance of the farmers; another set desire to cure the laboring classes of stupidity. Nearly all of them assume that the vast majority of us are sitting in darkness; and they make no concealment of their own wisdom. "If this nation is to continue to exist, the people must be taught their duties and led to discharge them intelligently," may be read over various signatures; and some journals are plastered all over with the information that the people know nothing at all, and therefore behave very badly as citizens governing by a ballot-box.

It all that was precisely true, the manner of saying it is offensive enough to enrage those who are to be taught. And there is evidently a mistake respecting the ignorance charged or its effects. For this country has continued to exist for a century under the control of citizens certainly not wiser on the average than the present body of people. And it is even a possibility that it is the teacher who is in ignorance. What he thinks he knows may not after all be true; what he really knows may not be what he thinks he knows, but something of much less importance. He knows, we will say, his facts, but he does not know that his inferences are good. The people may know a great deal that he does not know, and they may draw their con-

clusions more correctly. We suggest it as a possibility. But this possibility suggests the true attitude. Let this specially wise man obtain the privilege of telling the people his facts in a modest and deferential way; then let him leave the jury to fix up the political conclusion. If his facts mean what he thinks they mean, they will get into the verdict of a people knowing the facts. The dogmatic, dictatorial, "you-are-a-set-of-fools" method of enlightening does not enlighten. It only angers those who are thus taught.

A worse fault is that of a section of our wise men who take far too much pains to tell the people that they are dishonest and corrupt. It is no doubt frank enough, but it is rather exasperating, and it is not true. We are confident that civic virtue never before had so high a level as it has to-day. We observe in one of the organs of omniscience a walling note over the degradation of American Christianity, based upon a set of inferences from facts regarding the editorial imagination. It is very dreadful, to be sure, that wise men should first imagine a vain thing or a cart-load of things that never happened, and then become inexpressibly hopeless because of an imaginary complexity of the churches with the imaginary facts. But if it were all true, the offensive manner would make the instruction a failure. Sensible people are not won to righteousness by such august condemnation. But it is not true, and this kind of teacher calculates his audience to its very face. Perhaps there is a disease of egotism which explains the monstrous error.

By all means let knowledge be increased. Let your light shine. But it is the light, not the lantern, that will illuminate. And it is neither right nor wise to spend so much time in bewailing popular stupidity. Teach, exhort, warn; but let there be an end of charging the people with stupidity and corruption as a means to reform. It will not reform anything. Nay, if the ignorance is so dense and the corruption so general, there is nothing left worth reforming, and our whole case is hopeless. We are so far from this awful persuasion that we prefer a government by such a people as ours is, to risking our fortunes and persons under the control of those who are now charging the people with civic ignorance and vice. Just at this point we have more faith in the pupils than in those who propose to teach them in the peculiar manner which we have tried to describe.

## FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

## IV.

## Southern California.

There is no part of the great domain of our country that has attracted the attention of the public in recent years so largely as Southern California. It has been overdone through the press, pamphlet, flyer. Thoughtful people have been made skeptical, and rightly so, by such persistent use of the printed page. This peninsula has indeed been through a "boom," a land craze, a speculative mania, that eclipses all kindred experiences. Indeed, Californians have become experts in doing this very thing. The people have been schooled amid prodigies; they deal in the marvelous; they delight in great and sweeping enterprises. These lines are written in the busy city of Los Angeles. Some idea of the extent and expectation of this last land boom may be inferred from the fact that for a hundred miles from this city, the land, much of it wild and uncultivated, was laid out in embryo cities, house-lots, parks, etc. Men, most men, became as wild in purchasing land here as they do in New York in dealing in stocks and bonds.

## The Wreck.

Of course the crash came. Such fictitious prices for the soil could not endure. The practical American must have some means of daily subsistence when here. When the boom collapsed and the building of new structures ceased, as it has very largely, then the mechanic or the New-England-bred laborer had no longer any work. The shrinkage in values was general. The small investor was pauperized pitilessly. It is painful to hear the story. Men in middle life who by industry and close economy had laid by from two to fifteen thousand dollars came here and invested their all. The majority are stripped of their savings. They are at a period of life when it is hard to begin again at the bottom. There is no employment for them here, and they are chagrined to return to the East in their poverty.

## What is Left?

Writing thus frankly for our readers, and without any personal or private interest to conserve, we shall now outline some of the marvelous peculiarities of this land. It was only upon such natural advantages as exist here that such an immense boom could have been created. The subsidence of that unnatural craze has not extinguished the unrivaled charm of this golden continent. When wearied with the long and monotonous ride over the great desert which stretches from Colorado to California, a stranger on our side said, at last, "We shall soon reach God's land, and then you will forget all about this dreary ride." We had ourself been made skeptical. Indeed, we cherished some justifiable prejudice, as we thought, against this land that had swallowed up in its reckless financial operations so many of our friends.

## Pasadena.

Our first stop was at Pasadena, of which we had heard so much. This city conquered us. We never saw in one place so much that is so charming. We dare not write here in full what we saw with our eyes and touched with our hands. Our readers will hesitate to give entire credence, we fear, to the most naked and unvarnished statement of some facts. We do not, however, purpose to exalt this place over any other. Men told us that Riverside was

more attractive, and so it may be. San Bernardino, Monrovia, Arcadia, and many other places through which we passed looked fascinatingly beautiful. The growth of tropical and semi-tropical trees and fruits in such abundance, the limitless profusion of flowers everywhere, was to us the greatest charm. To step into the orange and lemon groves and pick from the trees as you would in the apple orchards in New England, was a new and buoyant experience. To eat oranges until surfeited was youthful perhaps, but none the less a substantial gratification. It would be a delight to toss this golden fruit to Eastern friends. Besides much of the fruits raised in New England there grow here apricots, peaches, figs, pomegranates, dates, prunes, and the English walnut. Our host dried his own raisins and prunes. In lawns, parks, by the roadside, you see the sycamore tree, the cassia, mulberry, olive, Palm of Gilead, every variety of palm, weeping willows, pepper and umbrella trees, the magnolia in blossom, and every species of cactus, of all sizes. We do not wonder that florists have gone into rhapsodies in describing this land. It is not our specialty; but we never saw the like before. We were told that at a preachers' meeting held at Los Angeles recently, President Warren's book was the subject of favorable discussion. One preacher rose and said that he did not know much about Dr. Warren's location of Paradise, but so far as he was concerned, after living in this vicinity a few months, he should not look any farther to ascertain where the earthly Eden was located. For himself, he had found Paradise in Southern California. The brother's enthusiasm and gratification are pardonable and contagious. California grows more than three hundred different varieties of the rose, and roses are in blossom every month in the year. It is not a remarkable sight to see the entire front of a house covered with a giant rose-bush in blossom. We saw one that had grown to a height of fifty feet and more on a large evergreen tree, and covered it with a profusion of white blossoms. There is every variety of fuchsia, and hedges of heliotrope, geraniums and calla lilies. This indeed must be woman's paradise. We are prepared to appreciate the following paragraph in a California daily which we just now read with much amusement:—

"Prominent among what our Eastern friends used to call, with more directness of diction than politeness, 'California lies,' were the stories of the floral wealth of the State, and of the variety and profusion in which all kinds of flowers were found here, from one end of California to the other. When we used to write to our relatives in the East that the only way to get rid of a rose geranium was to chop it down with a hatchet, and that many flowers which could be coaxed to grow there only in a greenhouse were to be found in every garden here, there were many shakings of the head and pursings of the lips, and muttered allusions to Annals and Sapphira; and yet every Californian knows that the half was never told."

The climate is mild, dry and balmy; the nights made for sleep. It is eternal summer. Pasadena has as fine churches, school-houses and public buildings as can be found in any city in New England. The morals of the town are elevated; the people are the elect of many States. We never saw a place where church attendance is so general. The mayor is a Methodist, and said to me, "We propose to hold Pasadena to this line." The mountain-range skirt this city, kissing the fairest skies that we ever saw.

## Sanitarium.

This is the place, above all, for invalids. Those who cannot bear the rigor of our New England climate, who are troubled with catarrh, asthma, or lung weakness or disease of throat or lungs, should early test this climate. There is no reason for being skeptical as to the advantages of this climate for pulmonary selections. Families can live here very cheaply. A friend who was dying in the East with asthma, landed here with only one hundred dollars left for himself and wife. He has been here a year, is very much improved, and supports himself by cultivating berries on a half-acre of land, from which he secures three crops annually. The milk-milk of our host, now strong and vigorous, was brought here on his bed, and his friends expected that he would die at once. People—invalids even—live in tents a large part of the year, and comfortably. The difficulty is, it is too late. Our train was a mother with two beautiful children, coming, alas! too late. The crimson flush had already burned indelibly into her cheek.

## The Future.

This country has a great future before it. Men of wealth will seek it, and build here their luxurious homes. The invalid will more and more be driven here for recuperation. Southern California is unrivaled in climate, in luxuriant fruitage, in scenery, foliage and flowers. There can never be great manufacturing industries here on account of lack of fuel. The New-England farmer is an exotic here; he must learn anew the art of cultivating the soil. We do not believe that this is the best place for him. We do not see anything to attract the ordinary day laborer; there is nothing for him to do. The Chinaman and the Mexican are here, and will hold the place at a daily wage that the New England workman would rightly scorn.

## Denominational Kinship.

We are glad that there is a good deal of Methodism in Los Angeles, for it is needed. It is a growing metropolis, feeling but little the reaction from the financial depression, but it is flagrantly wicked. It is a city of liquor and of lust, shamelessly manifest everywhere. Fort St. Church has eleven hundred members, and has recently expended fifteen thousand dollars in beautifying the church structure. Church enterprises are conducted with great generosity on the part of the laymen. We stepped into the preachers' meeting on Monday morning. There was a goodly number of ministers in attendance. Dr. H. Cox, president, is a New England man, pastor of Asbury Church, this city. He was stationed at Chestnut St., Portland, Maine, when that structure was built. Vincent Church in this city is nearly completed, and is to be dedicated by the Bishop in July. There are in all eight Methodist churches in Los Angeles. The New England men do grandly in this region. They soon catch the spirit of aggressiveness characteristic of Methodism here, and, as one prominent clergyman said, "They gleam after better even than our own men."

The University of California is prosperous. We had a pleasant hour with Dr. B. Ward, the president. The various schools of the University are being launched as rapidly as is consistent with a wise conservatism. This institution is to locate an observatory that will surpass in working capacity even the much-vaunted Lick Observatory. It is a great and prophetic work to plant such an institution. It means a grand and permanent future for our Methodism throughout this land.

## PERSONALS.

The editor expects to reach home June 10.

Rev. John Pearson, pastor at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, has been appointed presiding elder of Cincinnati District by Bishop Merrill, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Ketcham.

Rev. Dr. N. W. Clark, of the Newark Conference, son-in-law of Dr. Butts, president of Drow Theological Seminary, has been appointed professor in Martin's Mission Institute in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany.

The missions in South America will be visited this year by Bishop Watson. He sails the first of July for the West Coast, with a view to the organization of a South American Annual Conference that will include Chile with our other mission work in South America.

Rev. Geo. A. Hall, of New York East Conference, and New York State secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was presented with a purse of \$1,000 by his brother secretaries at the recent Association conference.

Bishop Foster recently preached in Milburn Chapel at South Bond, Ind., from the text, "Do good unto all men."

Rev. W. W. Brauer, of the South India Conference, with his family, has sailed from Bombay for the United States.

Who has not read the charming histories prepared by Benson J. Lossing? He has not grown sour or pessimistic in his old age, as the following paragraph from a private letter to a friend will show: "I am, I believe, in sound health of body, mind and morals. I am happy to say that I am an optimist. I see humanity progressing with marvelous strides toward a higher plane, and I believe in the preponderance of goodness of human nature when properly developed. I walk serenely amid God's works of every kind, and accept as true His fiat at the creation that all was good and very good. Our country! What a glorious heritage we enjoy and will leave to posterity!"

Rev. F. P. Oldham, of Singapore, we regret to learn, is laid aside by temporary illness.

Rev. W. T. Perrin has been giving "series lectures upon a timely topic," in his church in Lowell.—Worship St.—on "The Sabbath for Man," "The Sabbath in Peril," and "Sabbath Keeping." Judging from the report of the third of this series in the *Daily Courier*, Bro. P.'s hearers have been thoroughly enlightened upon the Sabbath question.

Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, D. D., of Pittsfield, preached before the Berkshire Post, G. A. R., on Memorial Sunday, a sermon of great excellence and power. He made the memory of our heroes a call to a heroic type of manhood. We shall publish the discourse next week.

Bishop Fowler, it will be seen from the Episcopal Plan on page 5, who is now abroad, will have oversight of the European Conference; Bishop Walden goes to South America; Bishop Bowman to the Pacific Coast, and Bishop Andrews to China and Japan.

On the 9th of June the universities of Italy are to dedicate a costly monument in Rome to the memory of Giordano Bruno, a philosopher, who on the same spot, in 1600, by decree of the Holy Inquisition, was burned at the stake. The central committee of arrangements having invited Boston University to join in the celebration, President Warren will take as theme for his Baccalaureate address on Convocation Day, "Giordano Bruno and Liberty."

Rev. W. A. Wright, formerly of the N. E. Southern Conference, who went to Southern California on account of the ill-health of his wife, is opening up a new work successfully at North Pasadena and Olivewood. Mrs. Wright is apparently entirely recovered from her lung trouble, the climate having done more for her restoration than that of Italy.

Rev. L. D. Bentley, of Norwich, Conn., sends the following characteristic note:—

"Please say in the *HERALD*, as has been said in previous years, that I will give my services to any church for a Sabbath, or for a series of Sabbaths, in revival work, in the old Methodist way, with no 'hobbies' to present, or secular interests to promote, only asking that the traveling expenses be paid."

Rev. J. R. Cushing, pastor of the Memorial Church, Wilbraham, has been appointed a delegate to the World's Sunday school Conference in London. After the convention Bro. Cushing will take a trip on the Continent.

Rev. S. E. Pendleton, D. D., of Topeka, Kansas, has devised a missionary card, with pictures, map of the world, and other excellent devices for use in securing the annual offering to this cause. He has also prepared another card to be used in securing pledges for each of the remaining benevolences. The advantage of the latter lies in the fact that each cause has equal representation. Dr. Pendleton will generously send samples to any person who would like to examine these helps.

Southern California is well and ably represented by our New England ministerial brethren. Rev. E. S. Chase is presiding elder of San Diego District, Rev. M. F. Colburn is pastor of the First Church of San Diego, Rev. A. W. Barker is at South Pasadena, and Rev. W. A. Wright at North Pasadena and Olivewood.

By permission of the authorities of the city, Rev. E. Davies has been preaching on Boston Common for four or five Sabbaths. As Providence may permit, he will continue to hold services there at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M.

Rev. C. L. Libby, of Salt Lake City, is unanimously invited by his last quarterly conference to return for the next year. He is doing thorough and successful work on his charge, which is generally appreciated.

The ministers of Colorado speak with grateful and affectionate enthusiasm of the work of Bishop Warren with them. He shares sympathetically in all their work, and counsels wisely in every exigency. The Bishop in his abundant labors is giving a great impulse to Methodism throughout that vicinity.

Miss Liza M. Flavell is at Colorado Springs, where she has been stopping some months since her visit to California. She expects to return to Boston at an early date.

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, the originator of the Order known as the King's Daughters, occupies the chair of belle-lettres in the University of Denver. She is a highly accomplished lady, and particularly able in her department. We were gratified to meet her at the University. She remembers gratefully *Zion's Herald* as the first teacher to her of Methodist thought and ways. Bishop Gilbert Haven and Dr. Peirce were among her valued personal friends.

Gov. Evans still holds the appointment received twenty-eight years ago from the hand of Abraham Lincoln as governor of the Territory of Colorado. Lincoln was his personal friend before elected to the Presidency, and was often a guest in his home. Gov. Evans in that long ago perceived the undeveloped resources of Colorado, and predicted its future wealth and growth, though the majority thought him over- sanguine and hopeful. It was a delight to take this notable man by the hand and to listen to him.

Rev. C. B. Dunn, a supernumerary of the East Maine Conference, died at his residence at Hampden Corner, Me., on Saturday, May 25. His death was very sudden, from paralysis of the heart. He was 73 years of age, Dec. 10, 1888. In 1842 he joined the Maine Conference; but on the division of the Conference in 1848, he lost to the "East Maine," in which Conference he labored with great acceptability as an itinerant preacher—a part of the time as presiding elder—until 1855, when he was superannuated, and made Hampden his home until his death as above. He was excellent help to the pastor, greatly beloved by the church, and highly esteemed in the community where he spent the evening of his days. An obituary will appear later.

Ever since our first reading of Stevens' "History of Methodism," we have cherished a grateful and admiring consideration of the distinguished writer. When, therefore, we came to Los Angeles, his present home, we had an ardent desire to see and speak with the man who has written the volumes that will have most permanent place in our denominational literature. We found him in his comfortable home in quite vigorous health. He is some years younger in appearance than we had anticipated. In an hour of agreeable conversation with Dr. Stevens and his wife, we observed the same freshness and brilliancy of thought which are so delightful in his writings. He is still the constant student, reader, and critical observer, and much may yet be expected from his pen. Dr. Stevens preached the previous Sabbath at Fort St. Church, with great acceptance to the people. His counsel is highly valued by his brethren in the ministry in laying the foundations for Methodism in this wonderful land.

Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, superintendent of the department of Scientific Instruction in Schools and Colleges of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, made a flying visit to Annapolis last week, to be present at the National Naval Academy, by special invitation of the medical inspector, during its closing lecture on "Scientific Temperance"—a *resumé* of the instruction given the cadets during the year. On her return she stopped in New York to see her son, Capt. A. E. Hunt, embark for Europe. He goes as vice-president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the members of which are to be the guests at corresponding societies in Europe during a tour through the Continent. They will be received by the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain and by the Lord Mayor of London. They will also visit Windsor Castle by special invitation of the Queen. Mrs. Hunt was strongly urged to join the company, but declined the invitation in order that her gratuitous work on the revision of the unsatisfactory temperance text-books might not be interrupted.

The announcement that Rev. Dr. John E. Cookman of New York city has withdrawn from the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the purpose of entering the Protestant Episcopal ministry, will prove as much of a surprise to his friends in this vicinity as it did to his own flock.—The twenty-fourth Street Church—when made at the weekly prayer-meeting last Wednesday night. The call must have been a cogent one that could have led Dr. Cookman to sever his relations with a church in which he received his nurture, in which he has preached for twenty-eight years, and in which his family name has been prominent. His grandfather was a local Western minister. His father, brother (the lamented Alfred Cookman), and his brother's sons have been identified with the Methodist ministry; and although his mother was an Episcopalian, that single attraction would hardly weigh against such powerful heredity and training as have fallen to the lot of Dr. Cookman. Extreme views relative to the "faith cure," it is reported, have somewhat disturbed his relations with members of his congregation, but he himself alleges that he makes the change because of profound religious convictions. While regretting his departure, his brethren in the ministry and many friends will wish him great success in his new field.

## BRIEFLETS.

Illinois falls into line in ballot reform.

It is a striking testimony to the quality of the work done at Hampton for the Indians, that out of 247 students sent back to their homes during the last two years, only seventeen have turned out badly or gone back to barbarism.

It was announced at the late General Assembly that the Presbyterians have raised \$616,000 towards their fund for disabled ministers.

The General Conference of United Brethren passed a resolution permitting the licensing and ordaining of women to preach the Gospel.

Our heroes who fell in Mexico in 1847 are not forgotten. On Memorial Day their graves in the City of Mexico were remembered by the Americans resident there, and flags and flowers were plentifully used to decorate the place of their long rest.

Thirty conversions signaled the opening of the new hall in the West Central London Mission—the hall previously used as the headquarters of an infidel propaganda.

At the opening of the new orphanage in Rangoon by Bishop Thoburn, the people pledged for its support more than 6,000 rupees—a remarkable sample of Burmese liberality.

The impression prevails that the next Pope will be chosen from the prelates of either

England or America. Italians have filled the office for over 350 years.

A single steamer last week brought 132 new converts to the Mormon faith. They were allowed to go on to Utah without hindrance.

The Baptists in Chicago have gone earnestly to work to raise the \$200,000 requisite to secure the gift of \$1,500,000 from Mr. Rockefeller for the founding of a denominational university in that city.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, appropriates \$17,000 from Book Concern profits for her Conference claimants.

The semi-centennial, triennial and Commencement exercises of the State Normal School at Westfield, Mass., occur June 25, in the M. E. church. Dr. John Bascom, ex-president of Wisconsin University, will give an address, and J. W. Dickinson, secretary of Board of Education, will speak on "Fifty Years of the Westfield Normal School."

A model "Pastoral Letter" has been sent out by Rev. C. S. Cummings, pastor of Pratt Memorial Church, Rockland, Me., to the members of that church. It can be limited by other pastors, with profit to themselves and to their parishioners.

The closing exercises of the year at Little Rock University, Little Rock, Ark., will occur May 31 to June 5. Rev. Alfred Noon, the president, will preach the baccalaureate sermon, Sunday, June 2, and in the evening Rev. W. H. Gilliam, of Kansas, will deliver the university sermon. The Commencement exercises will be held in the Opera House, June 5, at 8 P. M.

A correspondent asks:—"There is very much in your editorial of May 22 with which I would heartily concur. But I would like to ask you what we shall do if our pastor not only ignores the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, but proclaims against it, discredits those who confess it, and gives as publicly to understand that we ought to resist silently the social meetings of our church, with reference to our experience."

Pray for him!

Missionary exercises, excellent for entertainment, may be obtained for 25 cents of Mrs. N. C. Alger, Chatham, Mass. "Mission Band Meeting," subject "Alaska," from the above, printed separately for convenience, for 5 cents. Other literature well adapted to W. M. S. may be obtained reasonably of Mrs. Alger.

## Are Methodist Ministers in New England Loyal to Methodism?

Webster defines "loyal" as "devoted to the maintenance of law." Do our Methodist ministers in New England intend to "mend our Rules," or "keep them?" (Discipline, §114.)

Does not the Discipline require each preacher to take an annual collection for the "work of education," and to pay the same "over to such auxiliary of the Board of Education as the Annual Conference may direct, or in the absence of Annual Conference direction, to the treasury of the Parent Board?" (Dis., §34.)

Article VI of the Board of Education declares: "Any Annual Conference or association of churches may form an Education Society auxiliary to the Board of Education, with the understanding that all collections or contributions for educational purposes, made to such Education Society, shall be appropriated at its own discretion." Are not each of the 30 New England Education Societies, including the New England Education Society, an "auxiliary of the Board of Education" (Discipline, §345, §35), to which the annual collection for the "work of education" is to be paid when so directed by Conference, and have not all the New England Conferences directed that said collection shall be paid into the treasury of the New England Education Society?

Is it not recommended that a collection "be taken in the Sunday-school in aid of the 'Sunday School Fund' of the Board of Education?" (Dis., §344.)

The charter under which the Board of Education was organized Dec. 30, 1869, states: "It shall be the duty of said Board of Education to receive, separately from and in addition to the Sunday-school Children's Fund, the Sunday-school Children's Fund commenced during the Centenary year, which shall be administered according to its original design, namely, by appropriating the interest only to assist meritorious Sunday-school scholars in obtaining a more advanced education." Is it not true that under this provision the collection taken for the Sunday-school Fund is used by the Board of Education to aid Sunday-school scholars who have no intention of entering the ministry, and that those aided from this collection with such an intention are assisted as Sunday-school scholars?

The devoted popularity of Children's Day, the necessity in many churches of taking the annual collection for the work of education on that day, the transfer largely of the collection from the Sunday-school to the congregation attending the concert exercises, and the collision which arose between the Board of Education and the Conference Education Societies, because of the importance of their several interests, led the General Conference of 1884 to order that "in case it be deemed advisable to take the public education collection on 'Children's Day,' all contributions of the day," whether in one or more collections, "unless otherwise designated by the donors shall be equally divided between the boards named," i. e., the Board of Education and the Conference Education Society. Is it not the duty of loyal Methodist ministers in New England, when they take their educational collection on Children's Day, to divide "all contributions of the day" equally between the Board of Education and the New England Education Society?

N. T. WHITAKER

## The Social Union.

It was either a rare streak of good fortune, or else a master-stroke of good management, that brought all the missionary secretaries together to be entertained by the Boston Methodist Social Union in Berkeley Hall on Monday evening, May 27. Notwithstanding the rain, which came down in torrents, there was a large company of ladies and gentlemen present, and the occasion was one of unalloyed joy. After an hour spent in most delightful social intercourse, the company assembled for supper in the large Old Fellows Hall, where the usual bountiful repast was served.

It was worth the price of a ticket to hear that assembly of Methodists last night.

"The morning light is breaking." We could not help but feel that if such singing could be heard around the world, the morning light would soon break in every clime and nation. The divine blessing was asked by Rev. Geo. Skene, of Somerville.

After supper, prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., of East Boston. President Adams' words of introduction can best be described by the phrase, "words fully spoken." He seems to have the happy faculty of always saying all that ought to be said, and never more than ought to be spoken.

Before the speakers of the evening were called upon, the Union paused reverently to listen to eulogies and resolutions on the death of some of its devoted and distinguished members.

bars. Alden Spears read a concise and comprehensive paper on the death of Jacob Steiner; Dr. A. McKim spoke tenderly of the "beloved disciple," Dr. B. K. Folger; Dr. Brodbeck read resolutions on the death of Charles W. Pierce; and Dr. McKim read a paper on the death of Robert G. Stuart, of Lynn.

The first speaker introduced was Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D., who remarked that he was laboring under considerable embarrassment, as this was his first speech in the presence of the other secretaries. He said he had come to respect New England Methodism on account of the hard fight it had had for a place among the other denominations. He said that whenever he stood before a New England audience, they seemed to say to him, "Now, sir, if you have anything to say, we will hear you, and will take you for all you are worth." He spoke, at length, of the power of Methodism as a spiritual force in this country in opposing intemperance, Romanism and Mormonism. It was a masterly and enthusiastic speech.

J. O. Peck, D. D., when introduced, had many pleasant things to say about New England and New England Methodism, after which he gave encouraging reports from the field in regard to the increase of collections. He said the collections in the city of Boston were \$1,800 in advance of last year, while the Cincinnati Conference was \$5,000 ahead of last year.

Chaplain McCabe was received by the audience with the most unbounded enthusiasm. His address was characteristic, although three addresses and a journey of five hundred miles within the preceding twenty-four hours robbed the speech of some of the old-time fire that the people had looked for. He said the secretaries could see their way clear to \$1,100,0







## The Family.

### SUNRISE.

BY LURELLA CLARK.

"The Lord God is a Sun."  
Hasten, O glorious Sun, to rise  
And gladden our eyes;  
Our dawning lives and hearts to bless,  
Thou royal Sun of Righteousness!  
Shine on the haunts of woe and sin,  
And where Thy light shall enter  
Sorrow shall flee, and sin and care,  
And faith shall triumph o'er despair.  
Shine Thou and break the rule of wrong,  
O Light of life, so clear, so strong!  
Pierce with Thy rays divine each soul,  
Thy healing beams shall make it whole.  
Illumine the mourner's shadowed way,  
And turn the starless night to day;  
Where secret error creeps and hides,  
Purify Thy light revealing tides!  
Bring in the reign of truth and love,  
Thou blessed radiance from above;  
O Sun, in all Thy glory rise,  
And let Thy splendor fill the skies!

### THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE.

(To Rev. Caleb Fuller on his 85th birthday, Nov. 12, 1888.)

Swing slowly, Time, thy scythe to-day,  
Above the fruitful fields of prayer;  
Shine long, O sun, and fill me, pray,  
With golden light each hour!  
And stay, O Life, awhile and rest  
Amidst these ever-hurrying ways,  
And of thy blessings give the best  
To mark this day of days!  
And from Thine heights, Most Holy One,  
Let fall in blessedness sermons,  
That peace which flows as rivers run  
Their pleasant banks between.  
He is not old, whom love would bless  
With choicest gifts of earth and heaven;  
To him whose fruits are righteousness,  
Eternal youth is given!  
He is not old, though for his sake  
The lines have passed threescore and ten;  
He ne'er grows old, whose hand doth break  
The bread of life to men.  
He is not old, whose glad eyes see  
The true, the beautiful, the pure;  
And through all mists and clouds that be,  
Still hold God's promise sure.  
He is not old, whose happy ears  
Have heard life's holy hymns and songs,  
Sweeping through the endless years,  
Triumphant o'er wrong!  
He is not old, whose trusting feet  
Have walked in holy ways apart;  
He grows not old whose pulses beat  
With the Eternal Heart.  
But ever young that soul remains,  
Through love of man from self set free;  
That counts its own loss of gains,  
In gracious sympathy.  
Still ever young the lips which speak  
Upon that far-off, hallowed day;  
"Into Thy fold these children take,  
To go out on for aye!"  
And ever dear the voice whose word  
Of love, with consecration blest  
In priestly office, ministered  
Life's sweetest sacrament.  
And ever blest the prayers that rise,  
The tears with us in sorrow shed,  
The holy touch upon the eyes  
Of our beloved dead.  
"Not dust to dust alone, O soul!"  
He prayed; "not dust beneath the sod,  
When broken is the golden bowl;  
But life anew with God."  
Thy people be hath comforted;  
Look down in love, O Heart of all,  
This day, and on Thy servant's head  
Let benediction fall!  
So length of days for him be full;  
With comfort and with blessing rife;  
And then—O God! thy gift unspeakable—  
The everlasting life!  
EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

If the way of heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—*Bishop Beveridge.*  
As the same blue sky smiles upon the rain, which smiled upon the perfect structure, so the same beneficent Providence bends over our shattered homes; and our answered prayers.—*George S. Hillard.*

Life is the time for doing. The world is a great workshop, in which there is no room for idleness. God Himself worketh as the great Master-builder. All creatures fulfill their needed functions, from the angel that hymns God's praise to the insect that floats in the air. There is plenty to do; evil to put down; good to build up; doubt to be directed; prodigals to be won back; sinners to be sought. "What doest thou here?" Up, Christians! leave your cares and do. Do not do in order to be saved; but, being saved, do.—*F. B. Meyer.*

That to the eye of Christian faith the love of our Father shines on unclouded by our sorrows, that the clouds and darkness round His throne do not mount to His bosom, that His chastenings are affectionate, what we call His anger only the faithfulness of His regard, and all our various disappointment and trouble but His way of weaning us from the world—this belief of our religion fills the soul with a satisfaction so deep and distending that waves and storms, chafing and weltering by its vessel of mortality, find no room for a drop of the threatened anguish to come in.—*Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol.*

The sky was gray with clouds of unshed rain; So crooned in minor key, "A black-a-day For us, our life is also tinted gray." Sad souls cried out, "The world holds only pain." We went into the wood and there we found Dear blue-eyed children, each with hand and there, Each with its lot content, no matter where; Naught cared if lowly hand scarce cleared the ground! Those lovely blooms taught us a lesson clear; For others now we'll smile, and gladly share; For joy with those whose griefs far greater bear; If dark our lot, we may bring others cheer! —*EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.*

What has happened once, may certainly happen again. To each one of us it is possible for the time to come, when personal comfort, when property, when life itself, would all be crimes. The time may come, it is conceivable, when we should have no right to sit easy in our sheltered homes; no right to own a single dollar; no right to live another hour; but when it would have become our simple duty to be penniless, to be tortured, and to die for Christ. Even now something of this sort is still exacted. The western coast of Africa not long ago required exploring for freedom's sake and the Gospel's; and Mills and Ashmun went there, to pant beneath the burning sun, to be parched by fever, and die for Christendom. The wilds of Sumatra, haunted by cannibals, begged to be trod by missionary feet; and Lyman and Munson hurried thither to the sacrifice. In many dark corners of the earth are sitting men to-day, who have abandoned almost everything for Christ. And their feeling is, that they have barely done their duty; that a necessity is laid upon them; that they must suffer for Christ; and by and by die for Him. And the stern warrant for it all is in our text: "He that findeth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it."

God be praised, if we, in our sphere, are spared the fullest execution of this warrant. The spirit of it, however, we may never wish to escape. Our hearts are to hold themselves always ready for the fiercest discipline. Personal ease and comfort, houses and lands, friends, reputation, and even life itself, are to be reckoned cheap. We are to hold them in low esteem. So relaxed must be our grasp, that the slightest breath of persecution may suffice to sweep them swiftly and clean away. Towards Christ's voice, the moment we hear Him calling to us, must we wend our way, though it be through distress and beggary and death itself. Only he that loseth his life shall find it.—*Russell's Delight Hucklecock, D. D., LL. D.*

By the mystery of the incarnation our whole being is fringed on every side with Fatherliness indescribable; our little lives sometimes seem so stricken, so abandoned, so tried, are virtually floating in an unfathomable love. When the smart and trial of educative affliction is upon us, the wise tenement of Eternal Love incarnate is whispering: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It was recently recorded of a little lad in a London hospital, upon whom it was necessary to perform a surgical operation, and to whom it was impossible, owing to heart-weakness, to administer chloroform, that his father said to him: "Do you think you can bear it, my son?" "Yes, father," he replied, "if you will hold my hand." It is a picture-lesson of the position of the believer in the midst of the perplexing trials of life. The operation is inevitable, the anodyne is unobtainable, a fine and noble soul can only be made perfect by suffering; but God, in the incarnate, ever-present Jesus, not as an abstract attribute, but as a loving, interested Friend, holds the hand of the believer with the grasp of sympathizing omnipotence.—*Canon Wilberforce.*

### HOW THE LITTLE LIGHT WENT OUT.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

ON one of the wildest portions of the rocky coast of Maine there is a jutting cliff, called Gerry's Rock, and on the highest point of this crag stands the government lighthouse. Inland, the prospect is dreary enough—bare, wind-swept and rocky uplands, with here and there patches of sparse, coarse grass, affording scanty pasturage for herds of half-wild native cattle. Seaward, one looks out upon the wide desolation of waters—a shoreless expanse, always in motion, and most of the time rolling its dark and thunderous billows against the base of the cliff. A little distance out, the white spray breaks over rocky shallows and reefs, and when the tide is low the rocks rear their slimy shoulders out of water, like misshapen monsters of the deep. The lighthouse tower rises its gray column against the sky, almost as stern and forbidding as its environment. A strange place, one would say, to become associated with the sweet affections and delights of home life. And yet John Laduke, the lighthouse-keeper, and his little daughter Bessie, loved the great stone tower, and the wild, heaving sea, and the desolate, scanty pastures stretching far away inland. It was all their little world; here they had lived together alone ever since Bessie's mother died. The tendril of their hearts had entwined themselves among their rude surroundings, as the tendrils of a vine weed themselves to the walls of an old ruin, and they would have been loath to leave their eyrie on the cliff for the fairest inland home.

Bessie Laduke was thirteen years old—a fragile child, with wonderfully large blue eyes and long flaxen hair. Yet delicate as she looked, she was strong of limb and had a courageous and venturesome spirit. Many a ten-mile walk had she taken over the lonely barrens, singing as she went, and gathering the pale, odorless flowers that grew among the rocks. She often put out in the lighthouse boat among the billows, and rowed with a strong arm up and down the cliffs, watching the sea-birds as they hovered over her and then slid like arrows down the air to dip their breasts in the waves. At low tide, grounding the boat at the foot of the cliffs, she delighted to gather strange and beautiful forms of sea-weed and ocean shells. Such was the daily life of Bessie Laduke, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter. She was an out-of-door child, a veritable child of nature; and though she knew little about books, her mind was stored with knowledge gained at first hand. She knew the habits of all the wild creatures about her, whether of the air, the water, or the land. She knew the signs of the sky and the sea. She was a practical botanist, an embryo astronomer, and, thanks to her father's instructions, she knew something too about foreign lands. Above all, she knew what mortals may about that far-off country, whither her mother had gone when Bessie was still too young to know the meaning of her own tears.

But the object of chief interest to Bessie, among the common things of her every-day life, was the great lighthouse tower itself, with its far-shining lamps. It was a source of never-failing wonder and delight to the child to know that those bright lamps could pierce the deepest gloom and the wildest storm, and warn vessels far away at sea of the rocks and shallows of that dangerous shore. Daily she watched her father clean and trim the lamps and polish the thick glass windows through which they were to shed their rays. Her father took note of the child's interest with pleasure, and one day he delighted her by placing in her hand a reflecting lamp in a brass case, and saying—

"Bessie, my child, you might as well learn to be neat and methodical while you are young, so here is a little lamp of your own. You may take care of it yourself, and I expect you to light it every night and set it in the window, where it may shine with the other lamps. Perhaps, some time, it will be the means of saving a great ship."

So, for six years now, Bessie had taken care of her own little lamp, setting it every night in the window of the tower; and she was very proud to think how steadily and brightly it shone out over the water, and helped the big lamps warn the ships away from the rocks. One day, as was his custom twice a week, John Laduke started for the town, eight miles away, to get the necessary supplies for his little household. At such times Bessie always kept close about home, caring for the poultry, watering the stock, and attending to the various other duties which devolved upon her in her father's absence. On this particular day, although the usual hour of her father's return had long passed, it did not enter her head to be anxious until it began to grow dusk, and she suddenly realized that the lamps in the tower were not lighted. This was the first time that John Laduke had ever been late or had failed to attend to the imperative duty of

lighting the lamps at the earliest approach of dusk. With a heart beating fast with apprehension, Bessie hastened up into the tower and looked anxiously across the barrens, to see if she could make out the shadowy form of old Tige, her father's horse, creeping at his wonted pace along the road. But neither horse nor footman was anywhere to be seen. The girl then turned to the lamps, but the cases were locked, and she knew that her father always carried the key with him. All the while it was growing darker, and already the glory of the sunset seemed only a strip of rose-color away out on the dark, tossing water. There was but one thing to do—Bessie must light her own little lamp and set it in the window, trusting that even its feeble ray might warn the ships off the rocks. Quickly, but with trembling hands, the child performed this little service, and then she sat down to wait for her father, wondering what could possibly keep him so long.

The wind had gradually been rising, and now it began to howl ominously around the tower, and the sea began to boom and roar on the rocks. Evidently a storm was coming on—and of all the nights in the year, the very night when her father happened to be absent from his post! An hour passed, and still no signs of John Laduke. Bessie began to tremble with fear and loneliness. She went timidly down stairs and out into the night, and ventured a little way down the road toward the town, calling— "Father! Father! Aren't you coming?" There was no answer but the hiss of the wind across the sand and the dull, heavy roar of the breakers under the cliff. Suddenly Bessie started. What was that? A boom, different from the long detonation of the billows on the rocks. Could it be the signal gun of some ship in distress? Bessie flew up into the tower again, and pressing her face against the glass, gazed intently out over the heaving sea. Yes, there were certainly the tossing lights of a ship, not more than half a mile from shore, and right on the edge of the reefs. Failing to see the strong glare of the lighthouse, the steamer had evidently been misled, and either venturing in too far, or allowed the ship to drift too much with the storm.

What was to be done? The nearest life-saving station was ten miles away. It would be impossible to get word to the men there in time to do any good. Whatever was done must be done within the next hour. Bessie shuddered. Think of it!—nobody to save the scores of souls on board that driving ship but a little, fragile girl, at the top of Gerry's rock, standing with her white face against the window of the lighthouse tower. Brave Bessie! It did not take her long to decide what to do. In fifteen minutes more the vessel would be on the rocks and going to pieces. She must carry a life-line out to the ship in the lighthouse boat. It was indeed a fearful thing to attempt, in the storm and night, even for a strong man; but Bessie, child that she was, did not shrink from it. She felt that it was her duty, and that was enough. Turning to the little lamp, she made sure that it had plenty of oil, and that the flame was turned up to burn high and clear; for she knew that it would be the only beacon to guide her back to shore.

Down the steep but familiar path from the lighthouse to the little dock hurried the child-like figure. The wind almost blew her back; the rain beat pitilessly in her face, and the great waves rolling in upon the rocks made a hungry, almost beast-like roar. But undaunted, though with white face and compressed lips, the little girl kept on her way. She found the boat, although moored under the lee of the rude L-shaped wharf, already half full of water. Bailing it out as fast as she could with the pail used for that purpose, Bessie fastened one end of the life-line, which was always kept coiled in the boat, to the wharf, and then cast out, shipping the oars as the boat rode the crest of a giant wave.

Then began a fierce struggle with the sea and the wind. For a long time the boat seemed to scarcely make any headway at all. Whenever Bessie, by almost superhuman efforts, had gained a little ground, some great wave would come along, lift the boat on its swelling crest, and sweep it almost back to the starting-point again. But the child bravely and stoutly persevered, and slowly, oh, so slowly, the life-line uncoiled and disappeared in the darkness behind her.

Bessie could now hear cries of distress from the driving ship, even above the wild tumult of the storm. Occasionally, as she turned her head for a brief instant, she caught the glimmer of the ship's lights through the murk, showing that the vessel had not yet parted on the rocks. But suddenly there came a wild, despairing shout and a sound as of rending timbers, and Bessie knew that the ship had struck a reef. The waves were now running very high, and it was only as her cockle-shell of a craft mounted their crests that she could gain any idea of the whereabouts of the disabled vessel. Drenched with spray, weary with plying her heavy oars, her flaxen hair blowing across her face in the wind, while she could not stop to put it aside, Bessie was almost ready to give up the fight—when suddenly all the lamps of the lighthouse blazed magnificently forth, casting a pathway of unworldly brightness far out over the water. Bessie knew then that her father had returned. New energy possessed her weary arms. She put all her strength into the oars, and slowly the little boat crept up toward the sinking ship.

Inch by inch the girl fights her way against the storm and the sea. Now she hears the ship grinding on the rocks, and the frenzied cries of those on board. A little nearer—only a little nearer! But her strength is almost gone. At last she feels that she can pull the oars no longer; but she catches up the lighted coil of the life-line, springs to her feet, and with a last supreme effort casts it toward the ship. It whirls through the air, uncoiling as it goes. Will it reach those outstretched hands? Yes! Yes! Leaping far out over the side of the ship, some one has caught it and draws it in.

But what means that cry of horror? Relieved of the terrible strain of responsibility, Bessie's strength has failed her. Her brain reels; she totters; a great wave catches the boat—and when the little craft comes in sight again, Bessie is gone! As one by one the passengers and crew of the doomed ship fought their way through the surf, clinging to the life-line, John Laduke, breast-high in the sea, caught them and carried them safely up the rocky shore. But to all alike he cried out wildly, "Have you

seen my Bessie? Where is my child, my child?" Hoping against hope that the next form brought to his arms might be that of his little flaxen-haired daughter, he stood struggling against the mighty force of the incoming swells. But Bessie did not come.

The morning broke, and with it came help from the life-saving station. The survivors of the storm, after having been made comfortable, were carried to the town; and searching parties scattered up and down the shore, looking for those who had perished in the sea.

Suddenly there was a shout; and one of the station men came up the shore and laid his hand tenderly on John Laduke's shoulder. "We have found the little one, John," he said with almost a woman's softness.

John Laduke tottered for an instant. His large frame shook convulsively. "Bring her up to the lighthouse, lad," he said hoarsely. "I can't go with ye. I can't bear to see her lying in the seaweed."

They brought the child in—so beautiful, so sweet-faced, so calm in her last long sleep—and laid her on her own little bed. Then they left the lighthouse-keeper alone with his sacred sorrow and his dead, and went slowly down the path to the beach, with their caps in their hands.

That evening, when John Laduke went up into the tower, Bessie's little lamp was still burning. The strong man sat down in front of it, and soon the great tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he clasped his hands and rocked back and forth in speechless anguish of soul. After he had lit the lamps for the night, he sat down again and watched the little flame. Somehow it seemed to him a part of Bessie herself, a little remnant of her living presence not yet quenched.

By and by the flame in the little lamp began to grow feeble. Gradually it flickered and sank down until the wick only glowed. Thus it burned until the wick was thick with stars and the night hung heavily over land and sea. At length there was nothing left but a red glimmer. But still John Laduke sat watching the little light with fixed eyes. Suddenly he started. The dying flame seemed about to revive! It sprang up and fluttered a little, and John Laduke bent eagerly forward. What if it were all a dream, and—

But no! The little light had gone out.

### OUT OF SIGHT.

When the hillsides are flushed with the pink of the laurel, And green are the meadows where lambs are at play, Mid snow-drifts of clover, and bluish-blossoms of corn, There's beauty broadcast on the fair summer day. In the distance the mountains are purple and hoary; And nearer, the valleys are sweet in the sun; Each farm-house and hamlet is bright and airy, Which ever is telling, and never is done. But away, my heart in the midst of the splendor, Goes roving afar from the beauty I see, And thought, with affection ineffably tender, Flits swifter than pinion of bird or of bee, A strain for the soul which is lonely and true, To climb to the heights where the morning is born, To rest, like a pilgrim at ease, in the portal Ajar for the lark soaring up from the corn. There, swinging their censers, and lighting the altars In gloom or in grandeur, hail only for God, Where winds are the minstrels, and mountains the psalmists, Sweet, sweet are the flowers which sprinkle the sod, There, facing the sky when the tempest is over, And strong with resistance to whirl and to shock, The pine to the sun lifts the look of a lover, With head between tossing, and roots in the rock. Brave beauty, alone for the Lord and His angels; How quiet and soothing the lesson it brings! A heart chord struck out from the best of evan-gels, A strain for the soul which is lonely and true, No child of the Father should ever be dreary, Nor slip from the blessing, the gladness, the light, For God and the angels will never grow weary Of guarding and keeping what blooms out of sight. —*Margaret E. Sangster.*

### ABOUT MEN.

A letter mailed from Auckland, Australia, addressed to "Chancery M. Dupuy, a citizen of the whole world," was received by Mr. Dupuy in New York in due course.

—George W. Winans, State superintendent of the schools of Kansas, twenty-one years ago worked as a common laborer in excavating for the foundation of the building in which he now holds—worthily—an honorable office.

—Low Wallace says the scene that moved him most in writing "Ben Hur" was the one presenting the hero sleeping on the steps when his mother and sister, after their release from the dungeon, draw near and recognize him, and yet dare not come nearer.

—George W. Childs recently celebrated his 60th birthday, and many printers throughout the country set up their "thousand ems" for the benefit of the Childs-Drexel fund in honor of the event. At Philadelphia Mr. Childs was given a banquet.

—Sir Julian Pannocote, the new Minister from the court of St. James to the republic of the United States, is described as a tall, stalwart Englishman, with "a bland, suave Anglo-Saxon countenance framed with snow-white hair and whiskers." He dresses extremely well, and has "the usual British air of immaculate cleanliness and high grooming." Sir Julian, although all of three-score years and ten, is as nimble as a man half that age. He is still a fine horseman and skilful fencer.

—A newspaper syndicate recently offered William E. Gladstone the sum of \$25,000 for a series of twenty-five articles on subjects of current interest. The following reply to this proposition has just been received: "At my age the stock of brain power does not wax, but wanes. And the public calls upon me to leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is, therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

—Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, who, in his 86th year, is rapidly recovering from the amputation of one of his legs, says that in his opinion the vitality and endurance which he possesses are due entirely to the care he has taken of his health. He never used tobacco nor drank ardent spirits in any form, and from boyhood has not permitted a day to pass without indulging in some form of exercise.

—The Boston Journal says of George Ehlers, the German novelist, that he is a confirmed invalid suffering constantly the most agonizing pain from an incurable malady. His stories are dictated, often in hours of pain and torture. "His home is in Taiting, a comfortable house in which the owner's tastes permeate everything. Books are in almost every room, and in the chamber where he passes his days he lies hemmed in with library shelves filled with books in all languages. His disposition is of the kindliest, and he never loses his cheerfulness even when he suffers most. He is idolized by his family and friends."

—Hannah Whitall Smith, in the *Union-Signal*, gives the following entertaining description of a visit to George Macdonald, at Bordighera: "We found the Macdonalds living in a perfectly charming house. The room in which they entertained us was a great salon as large as a church, with tiled floor covered with rugs, and a great gilded tiled fireplace surrounded by an old carved arched screen. There were all sorts of low tables and comfortable lounges scattered about, and all round the wall above the windows

ran a shelf ornamented with the pottery of the country. Across one end of the room was a long dining table set off from the other part by heavy crimson curtains. Flowers and pictures and books abounded, and it was without exception, I think, the very most charming room I was ever in. Certainly it was when the family were all assembled in it. They are a most beautiful family, and all seem to be full of the same beautiful spirit that makes George Macdonald's books so delightful. He, himself, is the dearest, loveliest old man imaginable, with a grand, benevolent face, and a fatherly manner that seems to embrace all the world in its yearning tenderness. His wife is a sprightly little lady, most artistic in her tastes, and full of good practical sense that makes things go smoothly, no matter how great the stress."

—The venerable Robert C. Winthrop makes his home chiefly in Boston, in a handsome house on Marlboro St. But in the summer he goes to the neighboring town of Brookline. Here he lives in a fine mansion in the midst of a beautiful park. Broad lawns are before the door and delightful views are seen from his windows. His entrance hall is broad and lofty. Heavy carved oaken beams cross its ceiling. Upon its walls are hung scores of paintings. Busts adorn the corners and niches. Exquisite bronzes are scattered here and there. In the dining room hangs a long line of ancestral portraits, faced and wigged gentlemen, with the benign face, clear brown eyes and pointed beard of Governor John Winthrop at their head. Throughout the mansion are the evidences of refined, scholarly tastes, ancient lineage, wealth, dignity and generous hospitality.

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN KANSAS.

BY MRS. ORIN NICKERSON.

IT was said by some objectors to woman suffrage that the large vote of women in Kansas was due to the novelty of the thing, and we should see different results by and by. We do see different results, but instead of being in decrease of votes, there has been a large increase this year; and not only a gain in this respect, but an increase in the number of city governments composed wholly of women. Oskaloosa elected its woman mayor and council by a sweeping majority; and no wonder, with the record they had made. It is reported out of debt, which it had not been before since the war. The railroad officials sent them free tickets, which they declined, saying they preferred to pay their own way. The next move of the ladies was to notify the road that their trains must be run through the city at no faster rate than the law allowed. This order was complied with, thus assuring more safety to the public and placing their city ahead of others in this respect.

Rossville, Cottonwood Falls, Baldwin City and Hiawatha are the other four cities that have elected a government entirely of women, the first two including them as police judges. A lady city marshal will also probably be appointed in one of them. A despatch from Rossville said: "The result is highly satisfactory to a large class of our citizens. There are some serious irregularities in the management of our city which our gentlemen have failed to correct, and which the ladies hope to improve." A local paper of Baldwin City says: "Our city has always been noted for enterprising women, and now they will be given an opportunity to prove themselves capable of giving it a prosperous year." Another paper says: "The idea seems to be a taking one, and the fact that those cities which had lady officials the past year have been prosperous, has given an impetus to the movement, and it has become quite popular." This looks like endorsing "the survival of the fittest." So may it ever be in governments, with regard to men or women, or both combined. The pendulum has so long swung in one direction, that it may not be amiss if it incline in the opposite awhile, but soon it may obtain the exacted equilibrium, and men and women unite in the government of the city and nation, as in that of the family. South Haverhill, Mass.

### PRAYER.

God Hears Prayer.

Isaiah 55: 6, 7: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call on Him while He is near; let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return to the Lord who will have mercy, and to our God for He will abundantly pardon."

Psalm 40: 1: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

Psalm 55: 7: "Evening, morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud, and He shall hear my voice."

Job 43: 8: "Take an offering and go to my servant Job and offer for yourselves a burnt-offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you, for him will I accept."

Psalm 122: 6: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Thy say prosper that love thee."

Matthew 9: 35: "Pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into His harvest."

1 Peter 3: 15: "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears open to their prayer."

James 5: 16: "The fervent effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much."

Luke 18: 1: "He spake a parable to the end that men ought always to pray and not faint."

Matthew 5: 44: "Pray for them who despitefully use you."

1 Timothy 2: 1: "Supplications, prayers and intercessions for all men... kings and all in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."

1 Timothy 2: 8: "I will that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting."

Matthew 6: 6: "Pray to thy Father which is in secret; He will reward thee openly."

James 4: 8: "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you."

but their heart is far from Me. But in vain do they worship Me."

Jeremiah 14: 16, 17: "I called you, but ye answered not; therefore pray not thou for this people, neither make intercession to me, for I will not hear thee."

James 4: 2, 3: "Ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss; that ye may consume it on your lusts" (or pleasures).

Isaiah 1: 15: "When ye make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood" (loving and practicing iniquity).

Luke 18: 11: "The Pharisee stood and prayed, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; extortioners... or even as this publican. I fast and give tithes." (Here no sin confessed, no penitence, no recognition of sin, no felt need of a Saviour, and his prayer was rejected.)

Luke 18: 13: "The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner." (Full confession of sin, deep penitence, earnestness, cry for mercy, recognizing the propitiation for sin, His prayer was accepted.)

Luke 18: 14: Christ says: "He went down to his house justified, rather than the other." Which example will you follow—Pharisee or publican? S. CHURCH.

### The Little Folks.

BEING OBLIGING.

ONE day, when little Arthur was making mud-pies in the front yard, he heard some one call him. It was his Aunt Jane, who was standing on the front porch, with a letter in her hand.

"Run across the street and put this letter in the box, Arthur, please," she said.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur, who did not like to be disturbed.

So Aunt Jane went across the street herself, and mailed the letter.

Not long after this, Arthur's mother asked him to take a spool of silk to Aunt Jane, who was up-stairs.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur again.

His mother said nothing, but when she went up-stairs herself with the silk she had a little talk with Aunt Jane about Arthur.

An hour later Arthur ran to Aunt Jane with a broken whip.

"Please mend this, Aunt Jane," he cried.

"No, I don't want to," said Aunt Jane, without looking up from her sewing.

Arthur stood, surprised for a moment; then hung his head, and turned away.

When supper was over, Arthur carried a book of fairy tales to his mamma.

"Please read me a story, mamma," he said.

"No, I don't want to," said his mother, who was knitting.

Arthur's lip quivered, and his eyes were full of tears as he sat down on a cushion in a corner to look at the pictures in the book.

But he forgot his trouble when his papa came in.

"O papa," he said, running to him: "please make me a whistle."

"No, I don't want to," said his papa.

This was too much for Arthur, and he burst into tears. But no one comforted him, and nurse came and took him off to bed.

While she undressed him she told him that no one could love a little boy who never wanted to do favors, and if he were not ready to oblige others he must not expect others to oblige him.

The next morning Aunt Jane came out again with a letter. As soon as he saw her he left his mud-cakes and ran to her.

"Let me put the letter in the box,







